# SERIAL STORY

## The Isolated Continent

### A Romance of the Future

By
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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the united government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier di Leon offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosiny, a spy, becomes a prisoner in the hope of discovering di Leon's secret. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He warns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on Astra the following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He delivers a note to von Werdenstein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and, by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, cirynith. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret as soon as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country. Santos perfects a machine, is made a count and marries the countess, now princess of Schomburg-Lithow. Edison finds a new deposit of cirynith and builds a new fleet of airships. He accidentally discovers a liquid that will render opposing airships helpless. Santos completes a fleet for the princess. The aviators of the fleet elect her queen. She plans to master the world. Werdenstein sends an ultimatum to America. He discovers the princess' real plans and is in despair. Edison's new discovery enables his fleet to overcome the fleet of the princess.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

As soon as Santos realized what had happened, he turned to the door and opened it: "Come, Rositta, my wife, it will be sweet to die together."

"Idiot!" she shrieked.

He looked at her and knew. He turned to his master, who waved a friendly hand at him, and said sadly: "Napoleon, forgive me. I was blinded."

He jumped into the sound and the waters closed over him. Rositta had not even glanced at him as he fell. She stepped into his place in the doorway and had her foot on the first rung of the ladder that led to the top of the machine when he touched the water. Napoleon opened the door for her, without saying a word.

When she was in the upper machine she stood looking at Napoleon, who was awaiting her further action.

At last she said: "With you I would go down there." Then she flushed and an exquisite little smile appeared on her face. "You devil of a man! You have won again! What do you intend to do with me?"

He looked at her sadly as he replied in a measured voice:

"I will make a queen of you."

"Oh, thanks! That is kind. I presume you have selected a very beautiful country?"

"Yes, Rositta Rosiny, a very beautiful country. You will have everything you need—it is a veritable Garden of Eden.

She looked at him in alarm, then looked toward her fleet. Every one of her aerodromones had been captured.

They reached land. Napoleon called up Whistler and, giving orders regarding the empty aerodromone that he was leaving on a sandbar, released it from the electric clutches of the Eagle. Then he flew up again, with Rositta sitting motionless and unseeing on the bench. Sending the Eagle toward the south, he turned on full speed.

The man who had outwitted his enemies was silent, watching the rich country run backward under him. Neither spoke on the long journey southward to the Garden of Eden.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dawn.

A small house had been erected near the Crystal Lake. It had two rooms and kitchen, that was all; but it had been pleasantly and well furnished with everything a lone woman might want. When Napoleon assisted Rositta from the aerodromone he led her into the pleasant living-room She followed him obediently, as if in a trance, seating herself in the chair indicated without a word.

"This is your future home, Rositta," he said, simply.

She did not reply, but sat looking out the window, at the clear lake and the steep mountain sides that overshadowed the little valley forbiddingly. A strange fire shone in her eyes. She stood up slowly and cautiously and stepped to the window. She looked out at the beautiful green foliage and the blooming flowers for a long time, and Napoleon did not disturb her. Her actions commanded respect.

A smile appeared on her face, a smile that reminded Napoleon of his own mother; it expressed mother love, the most holy of all.

"See—see how green the grass is! How blue the sky is! How mild the air, and the water of the Lago di Maggiore is as smooth as a mirror." She beckoned to Napoleon. "Just look at that sweet little girl, see how she runs on the shore—she is after a butterfly. Don't you see her, man! Don't you see her?" She gasped these last words hoarsely and grasped Napoleon's arm. A nameless terror had his noble soul in its grip.

"Answer me, do you see her?" She began to sob. "Ah, don't say no—say you see her. She is my own little girl. She is good and not like her mother. She is good, I say! She must be good to be happy." She sobbed wildly. Turning to Napoleon she screamed: "Speak! Oh, speak to me, or I shall go mad entirely."

He took her hands in his and in a mild voice said: "Rositta, be quiet; you don't know what you are saying."

She pushed him away. A wild look came into her eyes.

"You fiend! You have killed me, and I'll kill you now!" Her hand slipped into her bosom and a short gilt Venetian dagger glistened brightly. She darted forward blindly and just missed Napoleon. Her dagger struck the wall fiercely. The blade broke and fell with a sharp clink to the floor. The next moment she fainted in Napoleon's arms.

He carried her to the sofa and brought fresh water to revive her.

For two long hours her soul traveled through unknown regions where there is neither time nor distance. When she opened her eyes again she was not the same youthful, vivacious Rositta. She had become old.

She did not speak for a long time, and Napoleon had the patience to await her pleasure, notwithstanding his neglected duties at Washington.

At last she sat up and said weakly: "Napoleon Edison, you have won. You are strong; I am weak. The Queen Rositta is dead. The only one I ever truly loved, my little daughter, is dead, and now I can mourn the rest of my life. You may go, Napoleon. That kiss of yours on the roof at Helgoland—that kiss given as alms—is responsible for all I have done." She offered her hand. "Please go; there are many awaiting you. I want to rest in this solitude."

Napoleon took her hand. "Good-by. Should you need me, there is a special signal arrangement in the other room; use it." He left, and she watched his form disappear in the dark night. The man she had once feared, loved and hated was gone, and, it was strange, but she found all these conflicting emotions gone as well.

That was the last ever heard of the once-famous Princess Schomburg-Lithow, the ambitious Queen of the Air.

En route to Washington Napoleon talked with his men on Ciryne. Whistler told him that his instructions had been carried out to the letter and Sullivan told of the successful capture of the four aerodromones from the west.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when he sighted the capital, and Congress was in session.

The newspapers had already described the battle between the Eagle and the Princess and the capture of the whole aerodromone flotilla. Whistler had reported to the proper authorities, but no one knew what had become of the Princess Rositta.

Loud shouts filled the chamber when Napoleon came in. Representatives left their chairs and, lifting him up, carried him on their shoulders to his

"My Son, Thou Shalt Be a Citizen of a Happier and More Peaceful Age."

chair. He stood there a moment and the enthusiastic audience became silent.

"Gentlemen! Representatives of the United Republics of America!

"I have to tell you that the dangers surrounding us, caused by the designing and ambitious Princess von Schomburg-Lithow, are dissipated forever. Her fleet of aerodromones is in my possession and will be disposed of as you see fit.

"This act of force, committed by me alone, was done in the interest of peace, according to the twelfth chapter of the international peace pactum, that holds the president of the peace committee responsible for peace between nations.

"The manufacturing of aerodromones is my exclusive privilege for the next seventeen years, according to patents secured, and, since I believe this abortive attempt to crush liberty will not be repeated, I take pleasure in offering my sixty aerodromones to the United Republics of America, to be used in accordance with arrangements to be made. I will reserve the right of ownership and the engagement of aeromen for the machines."

An enthusiastic "hurrah!" sounded and after quiet was restored Napoleon continued:

"The men captured on the Princess' fleet are to be returned to their respective countries and tried as conspirators against the world peace committee and I have no doubt that amicable relations will soon exist between all the nations.

"The United Republics of America is a monument to Freedom and Peace. These two conditions create satisfaction, wealth and advancement of such character that we are nearer the Almighty, who created man in his own image."

Napoleon was interrupted here by an attendant, who slipped a small envelope into his hand. It was addressed to him in his mother's well-known handwriting. He tore it open, ran through the lines and his face became radiant with happiness. He waved his hand toward the waiting audience and without another word quickly left the hall.

His erratic actions would have caused uneasiness if his face had not been so expressive of happiness. He had hardly reached the exit when the representatives cheered once again. He waved his hand in acknowledgment and dashed out.

He raced to the elevator that carried him to his aerodromone and in a few minutes he was on the roof of the Crystal Palace. He quickly descended to the apartment of Astra, his wife.

His mother awaited him outside the door; their embrace told much.

A minute later the great man, the hero, the patriot, the inventor, was kneeling at the bedside of a smiling, happy mother, murmuring broken phrases of joy at her well-being.

At the mother's request, with shaking hands in fear of hurting him, he raised the little, kicking boy and, as he kissed his son, he said with wet eyes:

"My son, thou shalt be a citizen of a happier and more peaceful age."

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There is little more to say.

That afternoon Napoleon looked through the mail that had accumulated and found Count von Werdenstein's message addressed to Astra. He carried it, together with other urgent letters, to her. She asked him to read it to her.

"Your Ladyship: My secret service agents have informed me that the Princess Schomburg Lithow is planning to overthrow the present peaceful balance that exists all over the world.

"I was reared a man of arms and I have been a believer in our glorious traditions. It has taken a long time for me to realize the blessings of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity, but I have realized them at last.

"I regret that I have not the power to crush the princess' conspiracy, for which I, personally, am to blame. On account of my inability to do this I beg your ladyship to inform your honorable husband of the contents of this letter. He is the only one who can check the uprising, and I hope this will find him prepared.

"For the future, I intend to do all I can to make the coming generation a better and more contented one. I intend to try to follow the example set by the man whom I now appreciate.

"In the hope that my warning will reach you in good time and will be of service to your ladyship, I remain, with sincere regards,

"VON WERDENSTEIN."

"I am glad that a man like the count has seen the light," was Napoleon's simple comment when he had finished reading the letter.

Astra's eyes rested lovingly on Napoleon, then wandered over to the crib in which their baby boy slept.

They both felt the dawn of a happier age.

THE END.

## SAID BY THE CHORUS GIRL

**Reflections of One Who Has Seen Life That Is by No Means at Its Best.**

It would be all right not to judge a man by his money—if there was any other way of measuring him up.

I ain't a pessimist, but—I've seen talent too many years sticking around unregarded while tact in managing a manager gets a taxicab start and an electric light over the theater finish for me to be classed with the optimists.

Temper and temperament—what's the difference? It's temper in the chorus and temperament in the star's dressing room.

A job that means breakfast every day and dinner reg'lar, I always been saying so, is worth all the razzle-dazzle feastings going while waiting for an engagement.

Fame—when all is told, what does it come to? The rouge from last night don't last longer than fame. By tomorrow even the caliboy's forgotten your name.

When the shoe fits that's a sure sign we could wear a size smaller easily.

It's push that gets a girl a place to stand at the foot of the ladder, and it's pull that hoists her finally to the top.

I heard a manager say once that the scariest sight he ever seen was a show girl before breakfast.

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

**WARREN'S MASCULINE OBTUSENESS FAILS TO INTERPRET HELEN'S ARTFUL INQUIRIES**



Mabel Herbert Urner

It was an old-fashioned trunk with checkered paper lining and a highly colored picture in the deep, curved lid.

There was a mingled musti-ness of moth balls and lavender as Helen lifted out the heavy tray. Beneath were the closely packed miscellaneous contents of an old trunk used for odds and ends.

Her summer clothes she had already unpacked, but while she was at it, she had had the janitor bring up all four trunks. She was giving the whole of this dismal rainy day to a general clearing out. Their closet space was so limited, she must make room for the winter bedding.

"Warren's Violin Music" was penciled on the first bulky bundle. How useless to keep it! Warren, who had not played since he was at college, had long ago given away his violin.

Something hard and square in a pillow case. An old shell box that had belonged to her grandmother. An ugly, clumsy thing with many of the shells missing from their bed of crumpled red wax. Inside were some yellowed newspaper clippings of Aunt Mary's funeral and an envelope of faded rosebuds marked, "From the casket." Putting some of the loose shells inside the box, Helen rewrapped it carefully.

A flat piece of tin with narow slits. "The Eureka Knife Plaiter—Do Your Plaiting at Home," read the printed label. The goods were supposed to be shoved through the slits and ironed down on the other side, but Helen had found that the plaits were irregular and did not stay in. Here, at least, was something she could throw away.

A black sateen domino, with a red-lined hood and a red heart on the sleeve, that she had made for a masquerade years ago. Why keep it? Impulsively she took it out to the kitchen where Dora was ironing.

"Dora, do you think you could get a petticoat out of this?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," with pleased expectancy. "There's a lot there."

Again kneeling by the trunk, she took out a narrow pasteboard box, "Fan, scarf, etc. KEEP." She need not have underlined the "keep," for in no clearing out would she ever part with the things in that box.

An ivory fan with one of the sticks broken and the lacy gauze cracked in the folds. That last night she had used it as a dance card. On the back were the names: 1. W. E. Curtis; 2, Bob Morows. 3, W. E. Curtis. 4, K. Matthews. 5, W. E. Curtis. 6, L. W. Hewitt. 7, K. Matthews—crossed out and "Curtis" written over it.

Helen's eyes grew dreamy as she idly folded and unfolded the fan. That night Warren's dominant personality had claimed her.

Her color deepened as she rewrapped, in the crumpled tissue paper, the broken fan and a blue chiffon scarf, to which still clung a faint perfume.

"The Home Physician," an old "doctor" book long in the family. "Studiously she turned through it. "Lumbago, Influenza, Night Sweats," with pages of "Symptoms" and "Doses." What quantities of medicine people used to take! She could not quite throw it out, yet it was worse than useless.

Some old silk underwear of Warrens. Now he wore cotton, and she had kept these because they seemed too fine to throw away. They would make good dusters. Resolutely she put them on the discard pile.

A scrap-book, "Plays I Have Seen," half-filled with theater programs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza," Warfield in "The Music Master." Warren had taken her to that—it was before they were engaged. She remembered her dress, a pale blue organdie. He had stepped on the flounce—how contrite he had been! Determinedly she put back the book.

A set of twelve whist boards. No one played duplicate whist now, yet it was a much better game than bridge. Perhaps it would come in again.

A hideous cushion top—irregular pieces of velvet and silk, cat-stitched together. Helen longed to throw it away, but at the memory of her childish pride in the work reluctantly she put it back.

A hand-painted plaque, water lilies in a pea-green pond, even more hideous than the cushion. Last winter some artists had held a "Bad Taste Exhibition." What choice contributions those would have made!

An old leather writing case of Warren's. "Hotel Metropole, London," was the heading on some letter paper inside. That was his trip before they were married. An old White Star sailing list and a London Northwestern time table were in one of the pockets. An envelope addressed to "Mr. Warren E. Curtis, Care S. S. Adriatic." It was in a woman's writing.

"Dear Warren:

"I am sending with this a book that I think you will enjoy. You will get a good rest on the steamer and perhaps meet some pleasant people. I certainly shall miss you and shall be glad when you are back again.

"Remember, you are to write me and mail it as soon as you land. You know you promised to write often—to answer my letters as soon as you received them. Of course I will try not to write TOO often.

"I know you will find London interesting, but I hope not so interesting as to make your trip longer than you planned. I did not know that the thought of six weeks could seem so long.

"With best wishes,

"MARION."

Marion Wendell! The letter proved what Helen had always thought—that she had cared! She had cared enough to write this, for there was betrayal in every line.

She had never married! Was that the reason? She was rich and attractive. Why had not Warren cared? Athrill with the thought that this woman had loved her husband, Helen sat musing over the letter.

And Warren—had he known? Just last year her father had died, leaving Marion and her brother a large fortune. Did Warren ever think what such wealth might have meant to his career?

But he was so fiercely independent, could he have been happy with a rich wife? He always made scathing comments about any man who married money. Could that have been the barrier?

"Will I make cream sauce for them lima beans, ma'am?"

"Why, Dora, it's not after five!" with a startled glance at the dresser clock. Then hurriedly, "No, Mr. Curtis likes them just with butter."

Stumbling to her feet, Helen pushed back the trunk against the wall, leaving the rest of the clearing out for tomorrow.

Still under the influence of Marion Wendell's letter, her mind throbbed with questions.

A hurried bath, and she took out her new taffeta evening gown. She did her hair high, the way Warren liked it, and rubbed her cheeks with ice to make them glow.

When she was through she looked long in the mirror. How would she compare now with Marion Wendell? He had only seen her at her best—often she had dressed to receive him. Did he ever make comparisons?

"Hello! Somebody for dinner?" was Warren's greeting, half an hour later.

"No, dear."

"Then why the glad rags?"

"Can't I dress for you sometimes?"

"Huh, splurge your best duds around the house—then raise a howl that you've nothing to wear, Jove, I'm tired. Did the tailor send around for that suit?"

It was not until they were half through dinner and Warren's frown had relaxed, that Helen ventured a casual:

"Dear, what's become of the Wendells? Do you ever see any of them?"

"Saw Frank the other day. He's engaged to a Baltimore girl.

"Isn't it strange that Marion's never married? I used to think she was awfully pretty and nice."

"Yes, Marion's a mighty fine girl. Too much salt in these beans."

"Do you suppose she's ever cared for anyone—someone who didn't care for her—that's why she never married?"

"I doubt it," with a shrug. "Marion's not the sentimental kind."

A moment's silence and then Helen asked musingly:

"You're always so down on men who marry money, but if a man really cared for a girl who had money—should he let that stand in the way?"

"Mighty few of 'em would."

"Would you?"

"Never was up against that. None of the girls I knew was overburdened with coin."

"Why, Marion had—"

"Oh, Marion's all right, of course, but she's too intellectual. Goes in for too many cults and fads. A man don't get lit up about a girl who's so blamed self-sufficient."

Helen had not thought Marion's letter particularly intellectual, nor had it shown any marked degree of self-sufficiency. But she had found out what she wanted. Warren had never cared for her, nor in his masculine obtuseness had he ever known that she had cared for him.

When Dora had served the salad and closed the pantry door, Helen threw down her napkin, went over behind his chair, rumpled his hair, drew back his head, and kissed him with a teasing, "So I'm not intellectual?"

"Not that anybody ever noticed. Here, while you're up, let's have some of that Stilton cheese."



## WORDS LOST THEIR FORCE

**Schwab Should Have Spoken Into Phonograph, He Is Told, When Discussing His Speech.**

A banker who was told that Charles M. Schwab, the president of the Bethlehem Steel works, was one of the most forceful speakers ever heard at a banquet table, said he believed it, and then told this story:

About the time that Schwab was buying Bethlehem steel, and had made arrangements with Piny Fisk of New York, to handle the bonds, he went over to New York, and, of course, was entertained at a dinner. There he made one of his most forceful utterances. Mr. Fisk was moved to such an extent that he said to Mr. Schwab:

"That will sell the bonds. Only, you should write it out for me when you return, so I shall have an accurate statement."

Mr. Schwab wrote out his remarks as soon as he got back to his home and sent them to Mr. Fisk.

Mr. Fisk saw him soon afterward, and said: "Why didn't you write me what you said?"

"I did," responded the steel master. "I wrote the exact words."

"Well," answered Mr. Fisk, much disconcerted, "you should have spoken them into a phonograph."

**A Woman Teaches Seamanship.**

When one of the instructors in the government navigation school at Charleston, S. C., was compelled to leave, a woman, Mrs. Charlotte S. Patten of Maine, took the helm, and is now teaching beginners in nautical science. Mrs. Patten is the widow of a sea captain, and for fifteen years lived on board a ship. After the death of her husband she continued her life on the sea on board a ship captained by her son-in-law.

**Where Nerve Is Needed.**

He—If he marries now, won't he be called a coward?

She—Not if he marries her.—Judge

Many a truthful man breaks his word because he stutters.